

To Wish You Well

We publish this, our "Yule Tide" greetings to you.

We feel that this is a time when we should all pause in the hurry and strain of active life and think for a moment of the human side of business.

And so we publish this for the very human reason that we want to say a friendly "hello" to you and with heart-deep sincerity extend the happiest greetings of the season and wish you the pleasantest of good things for Christmas.

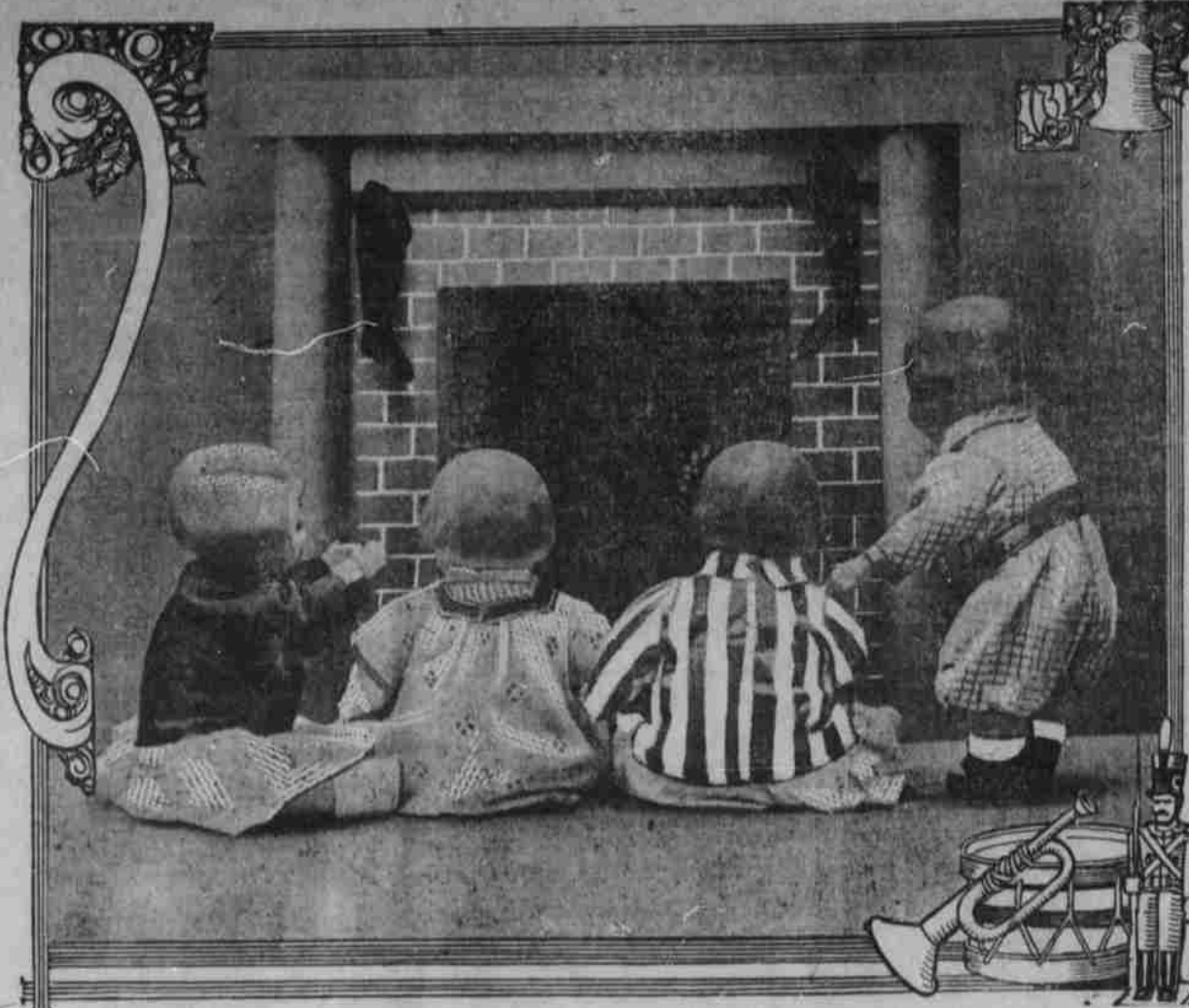
We believe in making friends as well as customers in business, and we try to make our store service exhibit that spirit distinctly by being just as helpful and pleasant as we can make it.

So here's a hand-clasp across the newspaper to those we can't reach in person.

Wish merry Christmas to you and may you win more goods, prosperity and happiness in 1914 than before.

D. DODSON,
Snyder, Texas

Waiting For Santa Claus



CHRISTMAS IN GERMANY.

A Day of Cheeriness and Happiness Throughout the Fatherland.

The German Christmas has local differences in various provinces. The Christmas tree is universal, for this is its home. At many places the whole family go to early service, at 5 or 6 o'clock, as the custom may be, and in some parts of the country every one carries a lighted candle. These candles, placed on the backs of the pews, sometimes make the only light in the church. At some places when the clock strikes 12 on Christmas eve the bells ring and every house and church is quickly lighted up.

Christmas is a day of cheeriness and happiness throughout Germany. The presents are usually simple. Men and angels and many kinds of creatures are fashioned in gingerbread. It is twisted into many grotesque shapes, and sometimes it is gilded. Hans Christian Andersen's story of the "Honeybread Soldier" will be better understood by any one who has spent a Christmas in Germany.

In Hanover, just when the candles on the Christmas tree are dying out, there will be a mysterious rap on the door and a bundle will be thrown into the room. It contains a little present for every member of the family and comic verses for some of them.

In Oberammergau there is a more distinctly religious tone given to the whole holiday. The Christ Child is the guardian angel of the time. It is he, they say, who brings the Christmas tree. He comes down from heaven on Christmas eve, holding it in his hands. Two angels bearing presents fly before him and two behind. He puts the tree on the table, rings a bell and flies away. He brings a blessing to the children that have been obedient.

To the children of Oberammergau St. Nicholas is an angel in disguise. He goes about from house to house in ragged clothes and with a bag on his back. He gives a loud knock at the door and asks, "Are the children good?" If the answer is "Yes" he leaves fruits and candles. If the answer is "No" he leaves a stick.

A CHRISTMAS LETTER.

DEAREST PHYLLIS, pray remember when you're making up the list of your presents for December (unless I am to be missed) that I've slippers, picture brackets, smoking sets of various types, half a dozen smoking jackets, thirty-seven meerschaum pipes, twenty patent "kid glove menders," collar boxes by the score, or embroidered silk suspenders, forty-seven pairs or more; that each year since I was twenty I've received a paperweight, have pen wipers, inkstands plenty, paper cutters—twenty-eight; that I've Browning and Longfellow by the hundred—every kind—Shakespeare—black and blue and yellow; Milton till I'm nearly blind.

So there's just one present only that I'm wanting in this year of my bachelorship so lonely—that's yourself, my Phyllis, dear.

—James Courtney Challis

Attractive Bed Sets.

Bed sets, consisting of spread, pillow covers and valance, are always a welcome addition to the nursery closet, and what color to select need not worry the donor, as the smart thing in these outfits is white satin trimmed with eyelet embroidery or fillet insertion, edging and motif. Blankets may seem a homely gift to send at Christmas time, but any housekeeper will be glad to have one in thick, soft Australian wool, in pale blue, rose or mauve, and bound with satin ribbon.

One of the nicest things to send to a housekeeping friend is a set of towels. It is a happy idea to furnish a dozen of extra large sized and heavy Turkish bath towels, hemmed in the color of her room and marked with her individual initials.

A Feel In the Christmas Air

By JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

THEY'S a kind o' feel in the air to me
When the Chris'mas times sets in
That's about as much of a mystery
As ever I've run ag'in.
For instance, now, whilst I gain in weight
And general health, I swear
THEY'S a goneness somers I can't quite state—
A kind o' feel in the air.

THEY'S a feel in the Chris'mas air goes right
To the spot where a man lives at
It gives a feller a appetite—
They ain't no doubt about that!
And yit they's somepin—I don't know what—
That follers me here and there
And ha'n'ts and worries and spares me not—
A kind o' feel in the air.

THEY'S a feel, as I say, in the air that's jest
As blamed-on sad as sweet.
In the same ra-sho as I feel the best
And am the spryest on my feet
THEY'S allus a kind o' sort of a ache
That I can't locate nowhere,
But it comes with Chris'mas, and no mistake—
A kind o' feel in the air.

Is it the racket the children raise?
Why, no!—God bless 'em, no!
Is it the eyes and the cheeks ablaze,
Like my own wuz long ago?
Is it the bleat o' the whistle and beat
O' the little toy drum and blare
O' the horn? No, no! It is jest the sweet—
The sad-sweet feel in the air.

LOVE IS BLIND



—Written in New York Evening World

Little Jack Horner and His Christmas Pie

With Variations In the Style of the Poets

By CALLY RYLAND

LITTLE Jack Horner sat in a corner
Eating his Christmas pie.
He put in his thumb and pulled
Out a plum.
And said, "What a good boy am I."

If Edgar Allan Poe Had Written It.
See Jack Horner in his corner
With his pie.
Where's his ma? Will no one warn her?
He will die!
With a thimble that is dotting
While he's gloating, gloating, gloating,
He is fishing for the floating
Plum, oh, my!
All his boast of being good,
Careful of his daily food,
Twinkles merrily within his saucy eye,
eye, eye.

Robert Browning Might Have Done It.
Pastry's all or nothing; it is not me-
dough
Pounded and pulled and puzzled over, air-
For whiteness or for lightness—and this
pie
Was of the very stuff o' life, sir.
None of your blundering bits of work, but
Infinitely eatable. Well, Horner sat there
Ruminating. 'Twas Christmas, ruminat-
ing time.
You say, and you are right, sir,
Lazily alive and open mouthed he sat,
Feeling the pastry tickle at his lips.
Yet scarcely knowing how to fathom it.
When of a sudden—the fellow's keen—
Occurred his thumb to him, whereupon
Straightway he plunged it in the sweet.
"Good boy!" quoth he, and pulled out a
damp plum.

This Would Be Walt Whitman's Style
I sing the Christmas pie,
The flour, the lard, the butter that com-
pose it;
The richness of its stuffing.
A divine nimbus exhales from it.
It attracts with fierce, undeniable attrac-
tion.
I am drawn by its breath no less than
Jack Horner, who holds it upon his
knees.
I am one with the plum concealed in its
mammoth vastness.
I loosen myself, pass freely and am at
the door of Horner's lips, smacking
to taste its ingredients.
But he does not know how to get at you,
pie.
He sits, sleepily considering the pose of
his head, his puffed out lips, betray-
ing his gluttony.
Presently a fine smile comes on to his
face. His lungs into the pie with
firm thumb. Its crust yields.
He possesses himself of its richness.
Oh, young men, I would not have you sit
in a corner considering pie stuffings.
Be bold. You—whenever you are al-
lowed the eternal purports of a pie,
(I loved a certain Christmas pie ardently,
and it gave me indigestion,
yet out of that I have written this song.)

In the Great William Shakespeare's
Style.
"Sweet pastry, do not scorn me, do not
gibe
And frown at me with crusty surliness.
I know that in your flaky depths is hid-
den
A mammoth plum, which, 'Ods my little
life!
I'll have it if I must sawing for 't.' Thus
Jacques.
Who, therupon, with swabbing stab of
the thumb,
Smote through the crispy lid, which erst
held tight,
And with triumphant shout, "'Ods bodi-
kins,
A good lad I!" withdrew the sought for
plum.

Algernon Charles Swinburne's Style.
Here where the world is quiet,
Here upon Christmas day,
With plums and a pie for diet,
In a corner sat Horner,
No feast was ever sweeter,
No finger was ever fester
To yank a plum with glee to
A mouth that gapes away.

Saving Up For Christmas

A well dressed man in a Market street car tendered the conductor a one dollar bill in payment for two fares and, receiving his change, carefully selected the ten cent pieces and placed them in a separate pocket. "From the 1st of September until Christmas I never spend a dime," he explained to his companion. "Every time I get one I keep it separate from my other change, and when I get home I deposit my dimes in one of those savings banks that don't open until they contain \$10. I am one of a very large family addicted to the Christmas present habit, and sometimes I am obliged to give as many as thirty or forty gifts. By not spending my dimes I create a Christmas fund, without really feeling it. I have done this for several years and find it an excellent plan."—Philadelphia Record.

Why She Shops Early.
"I'm going to start my Christmas shopping right now and get it over with," said Mrs. Jones at the breakfast table.
"Ah, to aid the poor, tired shopgirl and help the movement for early deliveries!" her son remarked in tones of commendation.
"Never thought of that," was the disconcerting reply. "I'm going to buy all my presents at Smart & Co's, and shops like theirs have handsome delivery wagons. I want my presents in the box to see the way things at parcel."